

Patience

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Summary: Hama conducts calming exorcises while thinking of her brother... No hentai thoughts, please...

***Chapter 1*: Patience**

Patience

Resting in her temple, Hamma sighed. It had been so long since she had the opportunity to rest all day, to realish the pleasures of her meditations. Too soon would she have to leave, to travel to the lands of her birth, as fate demanded that she send Felix and Isaac to complete their quests.

Eyes closed, she recalled her training, recalling the ancient Anemian phrase:

"Patience is thy own ally; with patience, anything can be accomplished."

In many ways, this phrase was true. In order to handle even the most simple problems, one needed patience. Rushing was the enemy. Rushing, worrying, speeding - these were counterproductive. Why waste time rushing to the wrong conclusion when waiting can solve the problems faster?

An intake of breath, slow and calm - no need to waste excess energy on such a simple task. The air tastes funny, yet she knows that knowing the cause does little to change the flavor. The lighthouse beacons have already begun to heal the wounds of the planet, but without all of them lit, the illuminated towers will destroy the world.

Exhale. Expend the breath. Slow and calm, as when intaking. Such an odd taste, the wind. An Anemian mage though she may be, it was still odd that such oddities caught her attention. Had she been perfect, she would know

the answers to the problem, how to ignore the taste, how to ignore the dangers her brother faced.

Inhale, slowly and peacefully. Perfection. Tis a cosmic joke, really. Nothing can ever reach perfection, as perfection does not exist. What happens once you reach perfection? Why is it unattainable? Simple - because once something is perfect, it is unable to enhance itself. Without this, there is no need for it to exist. Without need, it dies. This reasoning is the cause for the ancient Anemian phrase:

"Perfection is the sister of death - the need to do is gone, and without need, existence is irrelevant."

Exhale, as slow as before. It had troubled her to learn this at first, but as she continued to learn, she realized the truth in the phrase. Once something is perfect, what point is there to it? And how does it become perfect? Imperfection dominates the very ground, the air, the sea, the fire. Though perfection is an appealing ideal, it is an impossibility.

Inhale, calming and soothing. Imperfect the world was, yes! She could sense the failings of her being, knew full well of her weaknesses. She worried over the temple's resident monks, worrying that they would strain themselves to far. She worried about the temple itself - so many histories recorded in the structure to teach generations for generations of generations, yet would it last as long? Most importantly, she worried of her family. Of her brother.

Exhale, slightly faster and uncontrolled. She chided herself for letting her emotions swell up while she relaxed. Yet she could not take her mind off of her brother. Why does he bother me so? It doesn't make sense! He is a capable young lad, able to fend off any evils that happen. What more, his

new friends are very capable of defending themselves as a group.

Inhale, slowly and calm, as when she started. Ivan was definitely a fine young lad. Though he wore his father's face, his body was that of their mother. Hamma bit back tears and thoughts of her mother. It pained her to be around her mother after she gave Ivan to that traveler. How painful it was to listen to her beating herself up! Had Hamma had the proper training, she wouldn't have suffered as much. Had she been trained to tune out the voices from other people's heads, she might have been happier.

Exhale, uneasily and a hint of moisture. Her mouth wanted to stay open, instinct telling her to release her emotions, to let her thoughts out. Oh, how good it would be to let her suffering out of its cage!

Inhale, shaky and and with a wimper. No! She would not give in, not give in to her innate instincts. She was a Master! She wouldn't be taken down by her feelings! Patience! PATIENCE! She must use patience!

"Patience is thy own ally; with patience, anything can be accomplished."

"Exhale, her breath sharp and quick, her emotions battling. She **WOULD NOT CRY!** She would not give in! She must remain strong, remain strong to see the mission through! She must make sure that the world is saved, that her brother is able to survive, to know the happiness of a family, the happiness that she did not have. She suffered for him, suffered so that he would not.

Inhale, once again controlled and calm. Yes, she would suffer, suffer so that he would be able to survive, so that he would be happy. So that other families could live in

happiness, to not know what it was like to suffer. True, she could not prevent suffering, as only perfection could do such a thing. But she could aid in saving the world. And aiding in that quest would allow many to survive, allow her brother and his allies to be happy.

Exhale, short and sharp. A knock at the door. She stands, moving towards it. Most knew of her schedule, most knew better than to interrupt her routine. Unless she had misjudged time, and Feihzi was here to assist her on her trip to Contigo.

Inhale, soft and silent. She opens the door, seeing the face of the young woman on the other side. She nods to Feihzi, who scurries off, intent on preparing her gear. Hamma makes her way towards the rug that she had been sitting on. Rolling the rug, she carried it in her arms. From here, they would go to a small boat out of Lalivero. From there, Feihzi would depart, having a quest of her own to accomplish. Hamma would travel to Contigo, intending to await the arrival of her brother.

Exhale, quietly and gentle. It would end soon, and then she would be able to let her feelings flow freely. Patience was the key. Patience would see her through the rough times. Patience would save the world.

Patience would save them all.

^_^

Sheba - O.o This is odd...

Well, I had to drive a long way today, and my mind wondered. And who else in Golden Sun would consider

patience and perfection in one breath?

Sheba - Uh, me, Ivan, Isaac, Kraden...

0.0 KRADEN?!

Sheba - If he was calmed...

Uh, to change the subject... PLEASE REVIEW!!!

I DO NOT OWN NINTENDO OR GOLDEN SUN!!! ^-^